THE

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Vol. V.] BOSTON, APRIL, 1864. [No. 4.

THOMAS STARR KING.

In the "Christian Inquirer," March 12, appeared this notice: —

At about seven, P.M., on Friday evening, March 4, the following telegrams reached us: —

San Francisco, March 4.

Thomas Starr King died very suddenly this morning. Illness, diphtheria. Sick only a few days. Was conscious to the last, and happy to go. You cannot realize our loss.

To Dr. Bellows. James Otis.

San Francisco, March 4.

Our dear Starr King died suddenly this morning, at eight o'clock, of diphtheria.

To Dr. Bellows. Robert B. Swain.

San Francisco, March 4.

Worse than a battle lost. Starr King is dead!

To Dr. Bellows. Edward Tompkins.

In the daily papers of all the Atlantic cities, of Saturday, March 5, was the following telegraphic despatch: —

San Francisco, Friday, March 4.

Death of Rev. Thomas Starr King. — The sudden and unexpected death of Rev. Thomas Starr King, to-day, at once

surprised and saddened the whole community. Business was nearly suspended; the courts adjourned; the public offices closed; and the flags on every flag-staff were put at half-mast, including those on every church that ever raised a flag.

It is universally conceded, that no man had ever done so much as he toward making California loyal; while his untiring zeal in forwarding every benevolent enterprise made him generally beloved.

On Saturday morning, March 5, the following despatch was sent by telegraph from New York to San Francisco, which we think could only have been written by Dr. Bellows: —

New York, Saturday Morning, March 5.

To Messrs. James Otis, Robert B. Swain, Edward Tompkins.

Your sad tidings have broken our hearts. Thousands here will weep with you over his bier. You have had our brightest, our noblest, our best; and he has lived and died in the fulness of his manhood in your service. Who shall fill his place on the platform, in the pulpit, in the hearts of a million friends? His active, penetrative mind, winged with fancy and wit, restless in the service of truth, liberty, and righteousness; his soul, glowing with natural sympathy, Christian patriotism, and universal philanthropy; his voice, a clarion made to utter and diffuse the noble, inspiring convictions of his pure and loving nature; his eye, the window of an open, honest, fervent soul; his whole character made up of every creature's best; strong and gentle; generous and prudent; aspiring and modest; controlling and deferential; the people's darling, yet unspoiled by praise; knowing the world and its ways, yet clean from its stains; pious without sanctimony, and full of faith, hope, and charity, — what but his own absolute confidence in the goodness of God can enable us to sustain such a loss? The mountains are his monument and his mourners. The White Hills and the Sierra Nevada wear to-day his shroud. His dirge will continually be heard in their forests.

God comfort his flock, his family, his friends on both sides

of the continent! Farewell, beloved and gracious friend! Thou hast gone from those that loved thee well to Him who loved thee best.

A telegram from San Francisco, dated and received March 7, speaks thus of Mr. King: —

"His death was a wonderfully triumphant indication of his character, his life, his religion. Resigned, trustful, and conscious to the last moment, he calmly made every preparation, and yielded his soul to God."

The daily papers, including the Democratic and pro-slavery journals, united in their testimony to the worth, and in their grief at the loss, of our brave and gentle brother. Even the "Boston Post" forgot that he was a Republican and an antislavery man, and gave one of the best notices of his life and character we have yet seen. It is not so surprising that so generous a religious paper as the "Independent" should have given as admiring and sorrowful testimonial to his memory as if he had not been a Universalist and Unitarian. Among the sermons preached after this loss of ours, that by our friend Bartol seems to us especially true and beautiful.

So many wise and earnest things have been said on this occasion, that it is not necessary to add any word of ours, especially as we subjoin a warm expression of admiration and grief sent to us by one of our contributors.

Nevertheless, thus much we will add: —

Starr King was less than forty years old. He was not much known till he was settled over the Hollis-street Church in 1848, where he remained twelve years. During that time, he distinguished himself as a lecturer, as well as preacher, and wrote his book about the White Hills. He was less than four years in California. What was there in this life to call out such a deep and wide grief? He

was not a great writer or thinker. He occupied no great office. He belonged to no powerful sect. He was too independent to give up to party what was meant for mankind.

The secret of the wail of sorrow which rose from the whole land at his death, and the lesson of his life, is this, — that he gave himself unselfishly and entirely to his work; that he gave himself without hesitation, thought of ease, consideration of personal success, with no private ambition, no jealousy or envy, to the work given him to do.

He was brilliant, it is true; but other men among us might be found, perhaps, as brilliant as he. But where shall we find one, who, with like powers, was as free from all personal aim, as free from suspicion, jealousy, and bitterness, as generous in his admiration for the powers and accomplishments of other men? This enabled him to do so much, and gave him the love of so many. Because he forgot himself, others remember him. Because he gave himself to a task for others and for his country with true chivalry, a real knight-errant of our day, without fear and without reproach, therefore this all-pervading sense of loss. Every one misses him who was every one's friend.

Our own denomination seems called upon to suffer repeated blows. After the loss of Staples, we must now also give up King. But we find at such times a singular power coming to us from the graves of our heroes and martyrs. Dying, and, behold, they live! They worked for us in one way while here: they work in another way now. As the death of Christ broke down the partition-wall between Jew and Gentile, so the death of a man like King breaks down great walls of sectarian prejudice and hostility. Moreover, the call comes to us all with new power to do what he can do no longer, — to take up the glittering sword

which has fallen from his hand. In this spirit, Dr. Bellows goes to California without delay, to carry on for a time the work begun there, and in the hope of placing it on a broader foundation.

So, farewell, dear brother! Farewell, generous heart! Go up to the better work and richer society God has prepared for thee in the great Beyond! Farewell! and be ready to meet us when we follow.

"Oh, Douglas, Douglas!
Tender and true."

In the memorial verses to Schiller, written by his friend Goethe, and delivered at the representation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," ten years after his death, occur two verses which seem to apply so well to the character and career of our brother, Starr King, that I cannot forbear quoting them (in German, for those who read that language), and adding a translation: —

"Denn er war unser! Mag das stolze Wort
Den lauten Schmerz gewaltig übertönen!
Er mochte sich bei uns, in sichern Port,
Nach wilden Sturm zum Dauernden gewöhnen.
Indessen schritt sein Geist gewaltig fort
In's Ewige des Wahren, Guten, Schönen;
Und hinter ihm, in wesenlosem Scheine,
Lag, was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine.

Nun glühte seine Wange roth und röther
Von jener Jugend, die uns nie entfliegt,
Von jenem Muth, der, früher oder später,
Den widerstand der stumpfen Welt besiegt,
Von jenem Glauben, der sich stets erhöhter
Bald kühn hervordrängt, bald geduldig schmiegt,
Damit das Gute wirke, wachse, fromme,
Damit der Tag dem Edlen endlich komme."

"For he was ours! and may this word of pride
Drown, with its lofty tone, Pain's bitter cry!
With us, the wild storm over, he could ride
At anchor, in safe harbor, tranquilly.
Yet onward did his noble spirit stride
To Goodness, Beauty, Truth, eternally;
And far behind, in mists dissolved away,
That which confines us all, the Common, lay.

Burned in his cheeks, with ever-deepening fire,
The spirit's Youth, which never passes by;
The Courage which, though worlds in hate conspire,
Conquers at last their dull hostility;
The lofty Faith, which, ever mounting higher,
Now presses on, now lingers patiently, —
With which all goodness presses to its goal,
And Morning sees at last the noble soul."

THE Liberal Church in America has lost the brightest ornament it has ever possessed in the form of a young man of less than forty summers. In saying this, we do not forget the mourning for Buckminster. Then, indeed, —

"Woman's tears fell fast as rain,
And strong men shook with inward pain
For him they ne'er should see again."

But the eloquent minister of Brattle-street Church lived at a time when the heart of the country was an unpeopled wilderness, and his constituency was limited to the cultivated classes of a few New-England States. These were tidings of a national sorrow, which, almost in the same hour that a pure spirit took its upward flight, spread grief across a continent, and far along the shores of two vast oceans.

We are moved to publish some faint expression of the reverent yet glowing love with which we cherish the memory of Mr. King, not because he needs our poor praise,

nor merely for the sake of adding one more voice to the chorus of regret which sounds through the land, but chiefly to relieve a heart which has long been burdened with its pent-up gratitude.

There can be no lack of honors; for he was one of the men "to whom Greece would have raised statues, even if she had been obliged to throw down a hero or two to make room." There is no demand for tears for him. If we turn away from our loss to his gain, it will be easy to abstain from "the blasphemy of grief." When Bayard, the other knight without fear and without reproach, was dying with his face to the enemy, he said, "Pity not me. I die as a man of honor ought, in the discharge of my duty. They, indeed, are objects of pity who fight against their country and their oath." If it were lawful to indulge in such spiritual ecstasies, instead of sighs for his sake, we should yield to the temptation to spend a season of meditation in thoughts of the career of a noble soul, which, on the 4th of March, commenced another administration of wondrous love and mercy.

> "Aloft, aloft, still shall he climb and climb,
> From terrace to broad terrace, evermore."

From whatever side we approach Mr. King's character, it appears radiant and attractive. A charming modesty made clients of his rivals; and so he wore a crown which no man begrudged. Endowed with inexhaustible playfulness of spirit, it did not prevent his living a most earnest life. Gifted with the power to ridicule, although not afraid to strike, he was unwilling to wound. In the few instances where he did denounce, it was with magnanimous wrath; not a stepping, even with softest tread, upon a lowly heart, but the smiting of haughty wickedness on its mean mouth. His love of Nature was almost supernatural. Never did we dream in what a beautiful world we were dwelling, until with him we entered a grove, or ascended a moun-

tain, or crossed a river. We can well believe, that, last summer, a disappointed and saddened rambler came back from the White Hills, saying, "The mountains seem to miss Starr King." Henceforth those lofty peaks will be less lonely: he is nearer to them now.

Our scales are too small to weigh his intellectual powers; but we have an obstinate belief, that out of his great heart were the best issues even of his mental life. His mind was well-born; but a Divine Hand raised it far above its native dignity. Can it be superstition which implants our faith, that when he placed all academical opportunities on the altar of home, moved by the spectacle of such filial and fraternal piety, God sent his own angels to enrich that generous mind, making its wit nimbler, its memory stronger, its imagination more fertile in forms of beauty? Surely he learnt more than human teachers ever taught him.

Some persons, who are superficial even in their criticism of others on the score of superficiality, have said that he was a mere rhetorician; but it was not so. We might as well say that living skeletons are the only robust men. A powerful framework may be concealed; but it is not necessarily denied by a rounded form and the color of health. There is no evidence that Samson was rawboned, or Hercules in any way angular in his manly build. Apollo, certainly, could not have become so, without ceasing to be the graceful sun-god.

> "The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
> Make not the blade less strong."

The many who assert, that in the Oriental world, and centuries ago, there were providential men sent to providential places at a providential time, but, since those days, God has ceased to be visibly active in human affairs, must feel confuted and rebuked in view of Starr King's timely presence in California. This was effected in spite of the

detaining prayer of a beloved parish, not mainly by the Macedonian cry of a distant people, nor by the enticing persuasions of eloquent brethren at home. The same Almighty Hand which has changed his sphere now transplanted him then.

Those brief but crowded years on the Pacific coast were all that was needed to make completely true of Mr. King what was once said of Dr. Arnold: "He loved his family as if he had no friends, his friends as if he had no family, and his country as if he had neither family nor friends." The best of causes demanded the best of advocates. With the moral tone of public sentiment on all questions in a fearfully low and languid condition, and with emissaries of treason as numerous and able as they were unscrupulous, it took a grand voice and grander heart to turn the scale in behalf of the Union; but turned it was. The sepulchral appeals of Peter the Hermit were weak harangues, when contrasted with the royal preaching of a crusade for an assailed yet living Constitution. It cheered the faithful, aroused the indifferent, and dismayed the false. To the popular eye, each stripe of the old flag became fair with a fresh radiance, and every star on its folds burned with a new lustre. From the Sierra Nevada to the Golden Gate, no hostile banner was allowed to offend the sight or to pollute the air.

And, when the time came to minister to the wants of sick and wounded countrymen in arms, how potent was the call for charity that came from the lips of Starr King! He had to conquer no prejudices against the value of good works. His religious convictions were not those of a New-England clergyman who could not read in his church a notice of the meeting of a Soldiers' Relief Society, "because it did not relate to divine things." On the contrary, he was in sympathy with the good minister, who, learning one Sunday morning that a Massachusetts regi-

ment, returning from Port Hudson with its sick and wounded heroes, was near at hand, dismissed his flock to prepare bread for the hungry, and wine for those who were ready to faint, until at high noon, in a railroad depot, was seen the best celebration of the Lord's Supper ever known in the city of Buffalo. Working in this spirit, he put an almost churchless State in the very van of a Christian movement. While on this side of the continent we gave many goods, but very little money; in California, all commodities were changed into precious metals under the transforming touch of a Midas of mercy.

Mr. King was as eminently a Christian as he was a patriot. Few men have been better versed in the theory or the practice of pure and undefiled religion. For one so young, and with such varied and incessant activities, he acquired no mean renown as a theologian. Whether laying bare the inconsistencies of the ancient theology, or returning the Parthian arrow from an old friend becoming a new foe, his hand was masterly, and his aim was fatal. It was his delight to be the missionary of a free, broad, and manly gospel on the shore of the Pacific. To engage in this blessed work, he unclasped with a tender firmness the arms of neighbors who would have held him back, and went far away from the dear city which had honored and loved him. His reward is the grateful tears of multitudes, who, out of their rude and selfish lives, were taken by him up into mounts of transfiguration, and there made to feel that the divine currents which impel to noble thoughts and brotherly deeds are still flowing from the spirit of God into the soul of man.

Tempted by his social prosperity, and his relish for things fair and old, to become the vassal of wealth and the votary of fashion, he always chose to stand under the flag of the Union, by the side of the slave, at the foot of the cross.

To the store of incidents relating to his habitual generosity, now finding their way into print, we would add a single fact.

Eleven years ago, the young minister of a youthful Western church, which had been discouraged by a calamity, came to Boston, for the first time in his life, to solicit aid from the strong for the weak. Ultimately he was quite successful; but during the first month, when he was kept at a sort of ecclesiastical quarantine, there were days of darkness and heartache. Sensitive, diffident, and proud too, one day he begged at twenty doors, and obtained just three dollars. The next morning, he met Starr King; and, like hundreds of others in equal distress, his heart was lightened by "a smile that cheered like dawn of day." By a gentle constraint, he was led to Burroughs Place, and a few delicately put questions ascertained his condition. Mr. King made the case his own; and, with moistened eye, he said, "I wish my people were richer; for I press them hard in these ways: but you must have a better start. Expect a hundred dollars from Hollis-street Society! It shall come, if I have to give it myself." The money was a great deal to a poor beggar, so unable to advance, and so unwilling to turn back, that, in his despair, he had thought very seriously of taking a ship bound for some unknown land; but, more than all, it was the brotherly kindness that glistened in those expressive eyes, which has made him feel to this day that it was an angel from heaven who strengthened him.

And now we must live on in that childlike trust in God in which our brother died. It is hard to see how he can be spared; and yet it may be expedient for us to have him go away. Already the outlines of his spirit stand forth in more grand and lovely proportions. His best words have received a new and more thrilling emphasis.

We feel that a country for which such lives are spent cannot be served in vain. When the eloquent voices of cannon that now speak for law and liberty shall be once more silent, and our torn battle-flags shall at last be furled in victorious peace, no words will be oftener on the lips of a united people, or cherished more fondly in their inmost hearts, than the spotless name of THOMAS STARR KING.

THE CHARACTER OF A CHRISTIAN MAN.

A sermon preached in Taunton, Mass., on Sunday, Feb. 21, 1864, — the day following the funeral of George A. Crocker, Esq. By CHARLES H. BRIGHAM, minister of the First Congregational Church.*

JAMES iii. 13: "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom."

THIS phrase, "the meekness of wisdom," obscure as it is, falls pleasantly upon the ear; and, if we do not quite understand it, we yet love to hear it. It is alike beautiful in the original Greek and in our English equivalent. It is a picturesque phrase, and sets before us the illustration with the thought. The "meekness of wisdom" shows us the meek wise man, from whose example so lovely an idea is drawn. The common sentiment is of the arrogance of wisdom, its self-righteousness, its assumption, its exclusiveness. We expect of science that it will be positive and dogmatic, will maintain its strong claim, will insist upon its rank, and will warn intruders off from its domain. A

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* Mr. Crocker was, from his youth, one of the most zealous, constant, and generous friends of the Unitarian cause; and, for more than thirty years, a life-member of the American Unitarian Association. He was also a deacon of the church; and, for a quarter of a century, teacher and superintendent in the Sunday school. He died in Taunton, of disease of the brain, on the 16th of February.

meek wise man is so rare, that the quality of his character is not easily conceived as abstract: it is an exceptional case, which ought to be more frequent, but does not show itself often enough to drop its lineaments of personality. Most persons probably think of the writer of this epistle, when they repeat his words about the meekness of wisdom, and seem to see his countenance so mild and gentle, his bearing so humble in all its dignity, — the chief apostle in the church of Jerusalem, demeaning himself in such affectionate sympathy and forbearance with the lowliest of the brethren. It is hard to make the readers of the Epistle believe that he who wrote these words was a proud and harsh man, impatient of contradiction, intolerant to all heresy, and arbitrary to use all his power. Such a James as some modern critics would show us, bigoted, domineering, stern, a dark and obstinate Pharisee, is not the James whose soul breathes out in this winning address to the churches. We shall prefer to keep the former image of the leader in the assembly, who was only glad to help and teach there, asking no honor for his rank, and no deference to his superior gifts; who was gentle, and easy to be entreated, and all of whose words and acts were ordered in "the meekness of wisdom."

We are indebted to the Christian gospel for this conception of the meek wise man, for this difficult combination of mildness with wisdom. The phrase of the apostle shows us very distinctly the image of a Christian man, such as a Christian ought to be who resembles his Guide and Lord. Jesus appeared most truly in this meekness of wisdom, gifted beyond all his fellows, yet mild in all his dealing with them. And when we see a man who has in his conduct and conversation this meekness, while he is made sure by the testimony of the world around, if not by his own consciousness, that he is looked up to as wise and judi-

cious and influential, we say at once, with undoubting conviction, that this man must have studied the character of Jesus, must have come near to the Saviour, must have formed his spiritual life on that blessed model. No other model is given for such a union of strength and meekness. No style of custom or philosophy warrants that combination. According to the world, it is the weak and the poor, not the wise and the strong, that are to humble themselves, and keep quiet place.

The words of this text will perhaps be not misused if they introduce some thoughts upon the subject of Christian manliness, and lead us to consider the marks and tests of this in the lives of men as we see them. As one and another of those who have held prominent positions, and have been regarded as leading men, are finally removed from us, it is natural and fit to ask with new emphasis the old question, "Who is the genuine Christian man?" Whose is the life that repeats the life of the Saviour, and so harmonizes the world with the church? For the only valid connection between church and state is in the lives and acts of Christian men: these belong equally to both, — to the world, because they are men; to the church, because they are Christian. The question has been very much narrowed, because it has not taken this form; because it has asked only, "Who is a Christian?" and has left off the human and secular element from its demand. When you ask, "Who is a Christian man?" you will not be satisfied with any meagre standard of soundness of confession, of assent to some articles more or less of creed: you must have a broader reply. A Christian man is more than a Christian confessor or a Christian believer. The one is judged by what he feels or says; the other, by what he is.

What, then, do we mean when we speak of a Christian man? What ought these words to mean? Ought they

not to signify one in whose life the characteristic and peculiar virtues of Christ's life have appeared again; who has made us think of the spirit and way of the "Son of man" in his own spirit and way; who has instanced the more unusual of the divine gifts that the Saviour owned? We think of many characteristics when we use these words, — of qualities in feeling, and qualities in action; of what we call "conversation," which means the intercourse of speech; and of what our Bible calls "conversation," which means the intercourse of appearance and manner: we think of the life interior, and the life exterior; of the close walk with God, as of the honest walk with men. A man cannot be a Christian man who has no religious experience; though it is by no means necessary that he should tell his experience in order to justify his Christian title. Nor can a man be a Christian man who has nothing but a religious experience; no other record than his spiritual struggles, his fightings and fears, or his spiritual joys and heavenly visions. It is just as necessary for a Christian man to have a record on earth as a record in heaven; and the two must be consistent, simultaneous, and united. We think, when we speak of the Christian man, of the twofold yet harmonious life, holding with one hand upon things spiritual, while with the other moulding and shaping the works of the hour. Neither infidel nor dreamer can take from us this title, though the one should be exemplary in morals and the other instant in prayer. An infidel may be better than some nominal Christians: as I heard a preacher in one of the towns in this State affirm of an unbelieving heretic, that he was more Christian than any man in the town; but this was only a denial of the genuineness of the ostensible faith there. It did not affirm that the infidel was really a Christian man. A dreamer of piety may be harmless in his raptures; but he cannot remind us of that

divine Master, who prayed indeed on the mountain by night, but who was busy in God's work among men when the day was above him.

What virtues may we specify as those which ought to appear in the life of a Christian man? *Honesty*, first, of the most unquestionable kind, — a thorough integrity, which will be proof against all temptation, and which will allow no chance of fortune to excuse any deviation from its paramount law; honesty in word, in manner, and in act, in mercantile obligations, in social intercourse, and in every kind of dealing. A Christian man cannot be other than a truthful man, sincere in his professions, sincere in his wishes, sincere in his promises. His word will be good as his bond, and his bond will be good as gold. He will take no vow which he does not mean to fulfil; he will seek to evade no duty. This trait is not always made part of what is called Christian experience; but it is inseparably associated with the idea of Christian manliness, which is impossible without it.

And then we ask, in the character of a Christian man, for all that class of virtues of which the comprehensive name is *love*, which are gathered to form the apostle's grace of charity, — for kindness, which does good offices for friends and kindred, and has on occasion always a good word; for humanity, which revolts from all harsh judgment, which cannot bear to know of outrage, which had rather bind up wounds than make them, and give relief than refuse it; for benevolence, which is ready with help and with gifts to every case of need and every good cause; for pity, which seeks the distressed, and sympathy, which makes common cause with them; for a justice that leans to the side of mercy more than of wrath, and nourishes never any personal spite or hate; for a disinterestedness, which, in keeping proper heed of thrift and of one's own

need, is ready to prefer others in care as well as honor. For all these varieties of the fine virtue of brotherly love, as it is taught and shown by the Saviour, we look in the life of the Christian man. He who has these in any evident measure is so far worthy of such a designation.

And we look also for those personal traits which we see in the bearing of Christ, — for simplicity of manner, absence of all pretension, freedom from affectation: for the style of service, though not of servility; that he shall appear always as one who does not think more highly of himself than he ought, but thinks soberly, as conscious of being less than he ought to be: for modesty, which does not thrust itself into the foremost place, but takes only that station where there is most good to be done: for decency of demeanor, which shuns all foolish extravagances, and is carried away by no excitements; which will not shout with the unthinking crowd, whether in the church or at the hustings; which is balanced by good sense and clear faith, and which never loses self-control: for cheerfulness, which carries its smile in all the ways and experiences that God appoints, accepts what is pleasant with gratitude, and never lapses into fret or complaint; which makes all days, whether they be bright or dark, sunny with its own genial trust, and all companies happy in the sense of a kindling presence: for patience, which bears firmly all ills and annoyance, however they may be multiplied, — trials to temper, loss of goods, pain of body, even misunderstanding and reproach: for hopefulness, which sees light to come, and a better time, and a happier future, even for the worst of those who sin and suffer: for meekness, which will turn away wrath by the soft answer, and will submit to be injured rather than injure in retaliation. These marks in the character of Christ we require in the character of the Christian man. They may not be so full and

perfect in every life: but they must in some measure be visible; and when we see them, then, though the man may have the name of a heretic, may believe widely from the creeds, and may have no right of the Pharisee to vindicate him, we recognize him as a Christian man: the Church, too, recognizes him as a Christian man, and dares not deny that he belongs to the Saviour.

A quick and sensitive conscience, too, is inseparable from our idea of the Christian man, — a conscience which will not only allow no act of wrong, but will forbid the thought of wrong; a conscience that continually keeps duty before the soul, and will not let it forget any charge which has been appointed or assumed. A conscientious man is necessarily a Christian man; since the gospel of Christ is in reality the revelation of the presence and authority of conscience, of God speaking to the soul, of God dwelling in the soul. A scrupulous conscience, too, we ask for, that seeks no compromises; that is as ready in small things as in large things; that enters into the routine of life, and rules the daily walk of the man: a conscience so exacting, that it often compels the judgment, and sometimes tries the heart, by its peremptory call; yet so willing, that it makes no boast of any sacrifice in doing what is right. We think of the really Christian man, not only that he is always conscientious, but that this is pleasant to him; that he loves to be conscientious.

We think of him also as faithful, — faithful in all the trusts committed to him; in the relations of business, discharging with punctual accuracy each smallest part of his task, and equal to the largest; in the relations of society, friendly, amiable, and courteous; in his home, a considerate husband, a watchful father, providing for the needs, advising against the dangers, multiplying the joys, and making it alive with his pervading faithfulness; in the

relation of citizen, willing not only to take his share of labor and pecuniary burden, not only to aid the work of others, but do in person, by voice and by sacrifice of time and taste, all that he can that the community may be prospered, that the public morals may be pure, that light may increase, that works of beauty may be multiplied, that the rulers may be good men, and the people not be led astray: faithful, too, in the Church, whether as officer or as member; willing to work with the most zealous, yet coveting no reward and no deference; fertile in expedients for its good, and resolute to use for good all its tried and ancient means; steadfast to its services, and mindful of all its interests, outward or spiritual. This is the kind of faithfulness that we look to see in the Christian man, — a faithfulness that reaches far, that touches all, that continues long, and is never weary; that is as busy and earnest in the affairs of a Sunday school as of a great enterprise in commerce, or of the nation in its elections. That is the kind of faithfulness to which the example of Christ seems to point; who fed the multitude while he taught them; who sent out apostles while he invited disciples; who helped the joy of the marriage by his divine gift, and lifted the sadness of the burial by his word of reviving; who cared for his mother on his own cross of death; and whose apocalyptic promise is, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." In the allegory of the Bedford enthusiast, Christian and Faithful are made to go on together in their progress to the heavenly city, companions on the way, dear and mutual helpers. The symbol is good, as it shows how close are these lives of fidelity and faith: and yet I have always felt, in reading that vision, that these two ought to be one; that there ought to be no difference even of person in the Christian and the faithful pilgrim. As if it were possible that the one could go sepa-

rate from the other, — that one could be Christian after losing his fidelity, or one could be faithful after parting with his Christian help! In the pilgrimage to the city of God, it is the faithful man who is the Christian man: not he who runs with swift feet, that his eyes may sooner behold the Lord's glory; but he who builds all along, by his steady hand, a solid path on which many may come safely to God.

And yet the faithful Christian, in the vision which we form of his way, does not go alone, does not go without support. He has his aids on either side, — on one side, *purity;* on the other side, *piety.* We think of the Christian man as a pure man, — pure in mind, pure in heart, pure in conduct; free not only from all vice, but from those appetites which lead to vice; on whom no habit of sin has any hold; all of whose words are clean, and all of whose influence is on the side of purity; who is temperate in his pleasures, and never passes the line of innocence in his indulgences. And we think of him, on the other side, as a pious man, reverent in spirit, with a profound sense of his dependence upon the heavenly Father; of his own need of grace, succor, and spiritual strength; with prayer the breath of his life, and the fear of God the beginning of his wisdom. It is not, indeed, essential to our idea of a Christian man, that he should be demonstratively pious; that he should be ever seeking to make his piety known, or should wish to separate himself before the eyes of men as one of the elect in faith. But he must have the substance of a godly fear, such that men can see that he is religious from conviction and principle; that he prizes the interests of the soul above all others, and gives these the highest place. A Christian man may have and deserve that reputation, even if he be not a church-going man; even if the sacred place and the sacred day are to him no more than any other

day and place. But if he is a church-going man, and obeys the sound of the sabbath-bell, we ask of him that he shall be more than a formalist in this observance; that it shall be for him a thing most precious, which he could not omit or lose, and which keeps the highest place in his affection. If the Christian man goes to the house of God at all, he will go devoutly, anxiously, with the feeling that he here gains nearer access to the throne of God. Religion and its uses will have a shrine in his soul, of which the altar where he kneels will be only the outward copy.

Such, may we not say, is the fair idea of the Christian style of manhood; such are the marks that exhibit the character of a Christian man. And these marks are verified in a threefold way, — by the impression which such a man makes upon the community around him, by the feeling of his intimate friends towards him, and by the discovery of his own private thought and his communion with God. When these testimonies coincide, the highest possible evidence of Christian virtue is given.

In the first place, we judge a Christian man's virtue by the general impression that he makes, by the prevailing estimate of the decent world around him. It is not true, certainly, that every man who is popular to-day is a Christian man, or even a good man. Many gain honor and favor and praise, who are quite unworthy of these; and there are some qualities of mind and will so efficient in the world, that they stand for the masses in the stead of moral excellence: but, in the long-run, the judgment of the world is right, and can be trusted. Any man, who, after a long term of years, in various labors spent, where there has been opportunity for heart and wish fairly to show themselves, and what is in the life to come out of it; any man who can keep, to the second and the third generation of the men around him, his fame as upright, pure,

faithful and sincere, and can leave the impression, where they see his face and hear his name, of the kind of virtue that a man ought to have in the Christian community, — any man with this free and unsought witness may be taken as a Christian man. If this general testimony is not given, the virtue becomes doubtful, even though single and many acts may be mentioned to prove it. There is a fallacy in the harsh question which cynics sometimes put to those who praise the righteous: "What particular good thing has the man done?" If we can remember no particular thing, it is enough that we are sure of the general impression. The particular thing may take a various interpretation; it may or it may not be virtuous, as we interpret its motive: but the general impression is not so open to error. When many — looking at the life of a man from their different points of view, from their personal prejudices, and their varying opinions — agree that this life is Christian, we may accept their testimony.

And this is strengthened by the feeling which the personal friends of a man have; those who know him intimately; those who have walked with him in company, have counselled and rejoiced and sorrowed with him. When this close knowledge of the few confirms the sentiment of the many; when those who have seen the life of the inner circle find the same spirit which has appeared in things more external; when the children and the kindred and the companions have a full amen to all the praise that the general voice is ready to bring; when those who have been near in sickness and in trouble, and have observed the bearing of the man in his critical seasons, have nothing to abate from the common judgment, — then, surely, the conclusion may be taken as just. The partiality of friends, no doubt, may judge character too favorably, — may over-estimate some qualities of soul, and may over-

look some defects. We cannot trust all that friends say of one that they love: but when the nearest friends are glad that they have so little to cover up or hide, so little to excuse, so little that they would have other than it is; when they would tell all that they know, and have every variety of act written out, that it may be seen, judged, accepted, and admired,—then the witness, even of loving friends, becomes the most satisfactory of tributes to the fact of Christian manliness.

And there is still another witness to the character of a Christian man, in the discovery of his private thoughts and his self-communion. His private journals testify to the kind of feeling and the kind of principle which a man has. A journal, indeed, is not always trustworthy; and a hypocrite may set down there words which are not true to his real thought. Yet there is great revelation of the inmost heart in the words which we read in some note-book which has always been kept secret, and has never been intended for other eyes than those of the writer. Sometimes, after a friend has died, this source opens to us a wealth of religious experience which we had hardly suspected; shows us how dear to his soul were noble and beautiful and Christian thoughts, how lofty were his aims, how quick his moral sense, how true his soul to all that was righteous, humane, generous, and enlightened. However skilful one may be in feigning, it will be impossible to keep out the inmost soul from the daily record of work and feeling. If there is malice, it will show itself there; if there is ambition, it will find some expression there; if there is love in the heart, it will come out on those pages, and will show itself by unquestionable signs. There is no witness so strong *for* a man, as there is no witness often so strong *against* him, as his confession. The best biographies, as we see in these days by so many instances,

are not what one man writes of another whom he could not fully know, but what a man writes of himself, — in his recollections of years gone by; or, better still, in the gathering of the letters and the messages he has sent to friends. The letters of a man are his record of life. In them we expect to find his soul; and when these breathe one tone; when all that we can recover of the written remains of the departed is in one strain, uniform in sympathy with what is just and good and pure and holy, in abhorrence of all that is base and deceitful and wicked; when the letters of business, the letters of friendship, and the words consigned in the secrecy of a journal to the single society of the soul which has placed them there, all agree in their purpose and thought, and all are words in harmony with the words of Christ, — then we may say beyond a doubt, that he who recorded them was a Christian man.

This account of what a Christian man ought to be is not an ideal sketch, but has been drawn in large measure from what many of us have seen and known in the life of one of our number whom we shall see no more on earth. In the sense of loss which we feel, which all in this church must feel, it is some relief to be able to instance this Christian man as an evidence of the fruit of our liberal faith; to know that exclusiveness must relax its vigor, and admit of this righteous man, that he was "deeply religious," and that his good example is fit to be followed. Those of us who knew him well will not blame the most ardent words which tell of his modest earnestness and his unswerving fidelity. Especially is it proper that this church, in which his wisdom and zeal were so enlisted, for which he labored so well, and where, hardly less than in his own home, was his dear and chosen abode, — that the brethren of this church, of which he was from youth up

so consistent a member, and in which he held such various and responsible office, should wait before his opened grave to speak their sense of his worth. It is not enough to say that he was a pillar of this church. He was more than that, in the image which the phrase naturally brings to us. There are pillars in the church which are set for ornament more than for strength, or which sustain only that which is high and imposing in the visible structure, — great pillars which stand like sentinels as you enter the door, or which hold on their tall shafts the springing and fretted roof. But once I saw, in a foreign church, down beneath the floor, a low column, simple in its moulding, and out of sight for those who came to wonder, yet bearing up from its central place the whole structure above. The columns that made more show rested upon this humble column. Is not this an emblem of the place and influence, for so many years, of him whose place in this sanctuary will henceforth be vacant; of that influence so quiet, so unobtrusive, yet so real, so strong, so pervading, which all acknowledged, and which all rejoiced in?

The Church cannot well afford to lose such members. Yet, in the order of God, it is appointed that they shall pass on with the rest. The work of the best men here is a limited work, conditioned by the accidents of health and body, and brought to its end by the inevitable course of time. It becomes those who lament such losses to repair them, as far as they may, by perpetuating in their own lives and work all that was best in the life that is lost. Let our praise of the dead arouse the souls of the living. Let the deep lament become the motive of newer devotion. Let us all feel, as we confess the worth of a servant of Christ, that Christ needs us as his servants, and that the work which we honor our hands must continue. The best tribute which we can pay to a friend departed is to care

for the things for which he cared, to save from harm the cause which he protected, and to fulfil in wider reach and more various ways his cherished hope. And if we can still imagine, that he whose spirit has been transferred from these courts below to the seats above has a prayer remaining, will it not be prayer for the peace and prosperity, for the growth and the sanctification, of this our household of faith?

UNIVERSAL SALVATION NO NEGATION.

[The following letter of friendly criticism on a former paper we recommend to our readers' most careful attention.

Essentially, we agree with the positions of the writer. We hesitated long over the sentence which he has so thoroughly analyzed; but finally left it, because no theology had yet shown, in our opinion, the very thing which our friend has attempted to prove in this article; viz., that there is no antinomy, or conflict, between the statements of Universalism and the assertion of freedom as the essence of human being.]

My dear Dr. Clarke, — In your fine "clearing" of the field of "positive doctrines," I think you have left at least one ugly negative "stump," when you say, that "as men will always contrive, as men, to be free, they will be free always to resist God's love in the other world as in this: therefore Universalism, if it denies that some souls may for ever resist God's love, passes from a positive to a negative statement, from a sight to an inference, from what it knows to what it thinks."

The first half of your assertion virtually *denies* the power of God as a Father to bring every son to perfect obedience. The inference as to the Universalist position is in fact merely critical, a negative opinion. I know but little of the Universalists; so I will not make myself their

defender. I will take the idea apart from those who profess it. The doctrine which you deny is the first among my positive beliefs. I believe that the being of God, his power of every kind, — moral, spiritual, &c., — is a law to the being of man, a law of immortality and of eternal life; so that a man can no more be at will for ever dead in sin than he can at will cease to exist. It is by this law of the life which God is, in man, that he is not really and utterly dead in depravity, though he sin both much and long. It is by this law of the gift of God, "who giveth unto every one of us grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ," "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named," that we all are in decree, and are going on to be in fact, such as Christ, the chiefest instance of man, either actually was, or manifestly promised to be, or at least gave the world hope of being. It is by this law of the presence of God with man, in demonstration of the spirit and of power, that there is life and light for every man that cometh into the world, inspiration for holy men, and truth for true seekers, whether old or new; and most for those who are most complete in obedience and in the wisdom of searching out the things of God.

You see that my chief positive confronts your assertion. Which is the genuine positive? One is a negative in disguise, a stump of some old error. Which is the stump, my assertion or yours? You define a positive, "a substantial affirmation, born of actual faithful insight." Is there any substance in the assertion, that God is such a Father, in power and in love, that he will, *in good time*, train every one of his moral and spiritual offspring to perfect obedience? Does your assertion, that a creature may for ever resist the omnipotent Spirit whose name is Love, compare with mine in true substance? This raises a question as to what is true substance in this matter. My

answer is, that which is true to the highest idea of God. Your assertion is false to this idea. It is with man in view, and assuming a low idea of man, that you make your assertion, denying in fact the supremacy of the life of God in man.

Another test of substance in doctrine is, that it is true to the best idea of good, most welcome to the pure and loving heart. Your assertion throws a fearful shadow back upon the human race. If but a few may resist the love of God, what one of us can feel that our "lost" may not be of that few whom God will not succeed in saving? Is there any question that the true substance is not in your assertion?

You give your assertion the form of an affirmation: I give my assertion the form of an affirmation. Which must be stripped of its disguise, and convicted of being a negation? My rule is, to be positive about God, his power and goodness; and positive about man in so far as the theistic positives seem to warrant or require this. I am positive as to the adequacy of God to take saving care of his offspring: therefore I am positive as to the salvation of every soul. Your assertion is positive about man, and about the worst that can be said of man; and your positive is in direct contradiction of the grand positives of faith, — those which tell us what God is with us. Is it not plain, that it is a theistic negative, a denial of God to the extent in which it asserts human power to resist God?

As to "actual faithful insight," perhaps I ought not to speak. I will say but a word. What insight, or inference from an insight, have you on which to base the assertion, that men will be always free to resist God's love? I can hardly suppose that you mean simply that men will be free in some sense, though not able, to resist God's love; for you ground on your assertion a denial of

the belief, that none can be finally lost. I doubt if you have any insight which warrants the assertion, that even an out-and-out big devil will be free to go on in sin for ever. On the other hand, does not your intuition of the fatherhood of God, of the being of God in which we have our being, of the law which God's good might is to the inner man, not only warrant but compel the belief, that by reason of the sovereignty of the Spirit, the Providence, the Truth eternal, which God is, there can be no such thing as ignorance, sin, and woe, beyond the good time which it pleases the Creator to take in bringing the creature home to glory?

I do not assume that intuitions are always pure and true, however vigorous and comforting; and I think the statement of intuitions is often untrue to insight itself. So I do not care to make much of the fact, that my intuition of *God savingly present with all souls* has been my one hold upon the world which we know by faith, ever since I fairly comprehended what a thing it is for man to have no other chance than that given him by Calvinism. I lost the help of faith in the Church, for it excommunicated me for heresy; of faith in the Bible, for I had learned to put a Calvinistic sense upon its statements; and of faith in Christ, for he had been made to seem the severe and awful divider and curser of men: and for a good while I had just this, — that God would save, at the last, all, or at least all but me, until I began to see Christ and the Bible in the light of my intuition of the adequacy of God; to read the one, and to look upon the other, without the old veil between them and me; and to have peaceful trust even that the sense of personal ill desert would be swallowed up for ever in the blessed sense of the love of God. So it is with me a matter of serious, positive faith, that God will give to all souls eternal life; not offer to give it, but give it.

It strikes me strangely that any one should assume that God's gift of eternal life can be declined. I should as soon think of saying that I was free to decline being created. Am I wrong in saying, that the intuition of God, fairly supreme in the mind, as it ought to be, would render such absurd assumptions impossible?

Once more: you say that Universalism passes from a positive to a negative statement in the doctrine, that none will be lost. I have tried to show that the real negation is on your side; and now you must allow me to use your logic for a moment, and say that you pass from a positive to a negative statement in this "critical" denial of the Universalist position. But what is this logic good for? All that you say about positive and negative seems to me to amount to nothing; for this simple reason, that positive and negative are usually only different ways of turning an assertion. If you mean that we should not deny the grand positive realities, well and good. Let us not deny the grandest positive reality, the adequacy of God's love to compel all to come in. But you argue, in part, as if a negation must be a mere opinion, and no matter of positive faith. You so argue about the Universalist denial of your denial; although their denial is virtually a belief in God's power, and yours a doubt of God's power, over man. You make the negative form of their belief tell against them, and the affirmative form of your doubt tell for you. That seems to me bad logic as to both matter and form. Is the stump up?

Allow me to add a few words in regard to the general deficiency of Liberal theology. Power is the idea which actually impresses the minds both of those who think and of those who fear. Those who fear see law clothed with power to execute justice; and they can be reached and helped only by a theology which rigorously establishes

the blessed certainty, that the power of God can and must redeem; that inexorable justice, armed with omnipotence, is the sinner's hope as well as his terror.

Those whom thought has raised above fear see law clothed with power to maintain the order of the universe; and their faith will be given to no theology which fails to maintain that God is a law of absolute order to his moral universe. The Liberal theologians, if there are any Liberals who will consent to pass for theologians, do not seem to have a positive doctrine of God's absolute saving rule of all souls. They are not yet out of the path of denial, though using affirmations in their denial: I mean, they still say that God is willing to forgive, in contradiction of Calvinism, instead of saying that God's government, the compulsion of his law, the stress of his omnipotence, make obedience and blessedness the destiny of man, the fulfilment of order in the universe. There is a fine grove of stout, graceful suckers about the old stump; but the positive doctrines of God's positive dealing with man have not yet replaced the grand old theology whose shadow all but our select number of Liberals still sit under. You have cut down the tree, and have got a garden of all the humanities where it stood; but no tree yet of the knowledge of God's law, which is the tree of life to the common believing mind. You bring in Universalism and Theodore Parker; and even then you lack the grand positive teaching, without which you will never comfort the terror and and guide the thought of minds escaping from Orthodoxy.

Don't, I beg of you, say another word about the sin of negatives; but, by all means, give a double edge to your assertion of the power of God's love, the might of the Spirit's grace. All the great assertions have this double edge; and the negative is more needed for the mass whom fear binds than the positive is. "I will give

five dollars any time to hear a good man pitch into hell-fire." This was both said and done by a laboring man in a town in Connecticut, whose head was clear about God's love, but whose name was branded by a decree of excommunication for heresy, whose life was harassed by the charge of infidelity in a community wholly Orthodox, and whose sensibilities could not but feel the old shadow of fear under such a pressure of circumstances. Vigorous denial, based on solid positives, must be resorted to in preaching to the masses who need deliverance.

The Unitarians do not seem conscious of the fact, that the whole evangelical world is ready for whatever reapers will enter in; nor do they seem able to comprehend the fact, that the thousands and tens of thousands who have ripened for a new faith in the old communions must be *cut* from their traditional roots, or the harvest lost, so far as the harvests of progress can be lost. A positive teaching of the power of God in the spirit, the truth, and the providence of the world, must be thrust in.

"Let it go back into the ground, sow itself for another harvest, if it won't come of itself into our big barns, when we have set the doors wide open, and gone fast asleep under the trees, so they can get in without being abashed by observation." This is what seems the common feeling of our Liberals. They are so afraid of controversy, of any thing that has a cutting edge, — above all, of the rough edge of the sickle, — and so lost in the most lovely and adorable courtesy, that I very much fear they have nothing to do but ripen for heaven. If the Lord would but take them, and let the deck be cleared for action! If we only *could* get out of port to where there are breezes and awful gales, and could have fight enough to bring the heat of enthusiasm into these mild keepers-quiet of the big guns!

When I was in the Orthodox camp, I heard of Theodore

Parker when he attacked the conduct of the great revival; but I never heard of the Unitarians, except when Dr. Bellows gave notice of your funeral, and you got excited over a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Parker. The Orthodox note the signs that you are dying, and intend to assist at the burial in the character of submissive mourners. They resent as a violation of your good faith any sign that you mean to live. If you seriously make an effort to deliver souls from the bondage of their creed, you will be taunted with violating the implicit and explicit promise of your whole attitude. I think you need the advice which Xenophon gave to the ten thousand: "If you wish to live, you must strive to conquer." But I have said too much already. Do not think that I lack faith in the progress of our cause. I should not criticise if I doubted. I believe that a Liberal faith rises even now from the flowers which hide the grave of the Unitarian *ism*, and that somehow there will be sound philosophy and sound theology, and that the sickle will be thrust in, and all the garners filled. Glad that you show no sign of being dead-ripe,

I am yours cordially,

A BROTHER.

HOME-LETTERS TO THE SOLDIERS.

BY C. J. BOWEN, CHAPLAIN U.S.A.

A LETTER from home is the best and most welcome gift that you can send to your absent soldier. The sight of a familiar handwriting and postmark gives an expression of joy to the countenance, and a tone to the voice, of the sick and wounded and dying man, that nothing else can. No one can expect or hope to come so near a man as his

own kindred; and the greatest privilege that he has in his absence and loneliness and privations is the correspondence which he enjoys with his family and friends.

Major Sidney Willard, of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, expressed the feeling of every officer and private in the army, when he said, "Letters from home, telling of home-matters, are indescribably welcome, and are the only real pleasure I have. When I get a goodly stock of letters, I feel that I am still fast in home-affections and remembrance." So said a very sick young man to me, when I asked him what I could do for him, "If you want to make me happy, bring me a letter from home."

It has been my privilege to read a great many letters from home to the men; and I have read such a variety, — so many good ones, and so many bad ones, so many that brought happiness and encouragement, and so many that caused depression and despondency, — that I want to say something very plainly and honestly, in behalf of the soldiers, to all letter-writers at home who may see this.

It occurs sometimes, though very rarely, that men cannot read or write; and I have thus been made their confidant, and have entered into their secrets, and have read and written their letters for them; and, while it has oftentimes been a very pleasant duty, it has sometimes been a very painful one. In simple pity for the listener, I have sometimes passed over sentences and expressions that could only harrass and worry him, and have thus saved him from a part of his trial.

These are, however, the exceptions among the hundreds of letters submitted to me; but the people at home need to be reminded how much influence they may have for good or for evil over their absent ones, and with what care and thoughtfulness they should write letters.

Let me, then, tell you, friends at home, what kind of letters we *do not want you* to write to your husbands, sons, and brothers; for we speak that which we know and have seen, when we say that silence is far better than some of the letters that you send.

Do not write *discouraging* letters. The life of a soldier at best, with its sacrifices and separations and temptations, has enough of trials and hardships without those which are sometimes added from home. When you tell him, as you sometimes do, that he has made a great mistake in enlisting in the army, and the sooner he gets out of it the better; that he was foolish to leave his work and his family, and go out, for such poor pay, to fight and suffer for his country; that he is much more wanted at home, and that every thing is going wrong in his absence, — in filling his mind with these and a hundred other discouraging and disheartening things, you do him no good; you do not mend the matter; for it is too late. He has honestly and seriously committed himself to what he believed to be a work of *duty* and of *necessity;* and, so long as he can perform his duty as a soldier, there is no honorable escape for him. He has pledged himself to his country for the time. He has taken a solemn oath of obedience and fidelity as a soldier of the Union. He has counted the cost, and accepted the sacrifice and burden. He knew what he was doing, and *why* he was going; and for the great end of maintaining the union of these States, and of perpetuating this blessed Government over the whole land, that he might have a peaceful and free home, and a heritage for his children and his children's children, he was willing to forsake father and mother, and wife and children, and home and happiness, and give his life, if needs be. That is *his* sacrifice; and greater no man can make. You have yours, and it is a severe one; and every loyal heart in the land

sympathizes with you, and will help you bear your burdens. And, while you suffer, remember what it is for; and, oh! beware how you do any thing or say any thing to chill and destroy that high sense of honor and duty and patriotism which fills the heart of him who gives all, and braves all, for the sacred cause of country and liberty and peace. Remember that this is what our noble mother requires of her children; and, in your patient and uncomplaining endurance and fidelity at home, *you do your part*, while the men do theirs in the field and in the fight.

Do not write *disloyal* and *treasonable* letters. "Does any one write such letters?" you ask. Yes: a great many do, if the truth be told. I have read letters to men in our Union Army that have made me blush for their authors. The mean and treasonable spirit of copperheadism has often expressed itself in letters from home; and our soldiers have often to encounter and overcome enemies in the rear, who have tried to turn them from their honorable course, and enlist them in the ranks of false peace-makers and traitors. Many a man finds his worst foes to be they of his own household and kindred; and he has had to contend against the sharp weapons of ridicule and contempt, hurled at him by those who stay at home to find fault.

"I deeply regret that you have ever had any thing to do with this wicked war," wrote a wife in New England to her husband in a hospital, who was all aglow with enthusiasm and desire to do his duty, and who was only waiting for his wound to heal to go back to his post of danger.

"Let the young men without wives and children fight the battles," wrote another to her husband; "but you, and men like you, should come home."

"What then would become of my *principles?*" replied

he. "No: this is a cause that I have advocated with my voice and my vote, and I am now willing to give my life for it." And he did give his life manfully, heroically; for he died from the effects of his wounds at Antietam: and he has left behind him an honorable and costly inheritance for his children; and they will come to regard it as such, when the roll of their country's perished heroes is made up in future years, and their father's name is found on it.

Do not write *dismal* and *doleful* letters. When such a mood is upon you, desist from letter-writing until it passes away, and spare your friends those evil tidings and dark pictures of home-life. Do not tell every little mishap and annoyance that has passed, and been forgotten long before the letter reaches its destination.

Do you say, in self-defence, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and that what most concerns and troubles you must be written; and that it is better for those who love you to know every thing, even the worst? Under more favorable circumstances, it may be so; but I wish you could see the effect that such letters have upon your sick and suffering ones, and hear them say, "Oh! I wish they would keep such things to themselves, now that I can't help them; and they only worry and vex me. I know that they have hardships, and I think of them often with pain and sorrow: but here I am, weak and helpless, and I want to be cheered more than any thing; and if they would only keep back the bad news, and write cheerfully, I should get well a great deal sooner."

This is what they say, and this is how they feel; and while they would not shrink from helping you bear your burdens, if they could, they beg you to consider their circumstances, and to remember, that, as you love them, you will spare them all unnecessary vexation, and make up

your mind to bear your own burden. When a man is well, it is his part to know all and to share all; but it is far different when he is sick. He cannot bear mental trials safely. He is unfitted for excitements and annoyances. They may be fatal to him. They surely can do him no good. Then do not inflict them upon him.

Do not write letters of *bad advice*, counselling disobedience and deception. You find the temptation to do this when a falsehood may be successful in obtaining a furlough, or in securing a discharge from service.

"Tell the surgeon that your wife is very sick, or that your child is dying, and he will let you come home," is the false pretence sometimes used.

"Make out a strong case, and you will carry your point," writes another.

"Some of the men of your regiment have been discharged, and are at home. They never looked better, and are as tough as lions. Why can't you do the same?"

One of the men had a letter from home, urging him to "run a dagger into the breast of the surgeon, if he attempted to straighten his leg," as he proposed to do. The testimony of sundry physicians in the town was given *against* the operation. Neighbor A said this, and Neighbor B said that; and the conclusion of persons hundreds of miles away, who knew nothing of the merits of the case, was, *that it must not be done*. A crooked leg was decided to be better than to run the risk of the operation. Some one remembered, that, in the war of 1812, a man died from the wild attempt; and, of course, this man would die. As if the surgeon in charge of a hospital were to be influenced and dictated to by friends at a distance about the propriety and wisdom of a surgical case!

Good people at home, depend upon it our army-hospitals are not conducted by ignorant, heartless, and unconscientious men, who are making experiments upon your friends

for the sake of curiosity or science: but many of them have come from your own cities and states, where they enjoyed your confidence and patronage; and they give the same care and skill to their professional duties as they did at home. They know better than you can what is best for their patients. They will do what is best for them. Even your *family physician*, wise and skilful and excellent as he may be, cannot be a fair judge of any particular case at this distance. Of course, a patient in a hospital is not as well off, in many respects, as he would be at home, with all its comforts and luxuries and attentions. A room filled with sick men, strangers and foreigners it may be, cannot be so comfortable or agreeable as one's own quiet chamber, surrounded by the familiar things and persons of home; though the introduction of cultivated and refined women into our hospitals is imparting to them many of the graces and charms of home. They elevate the character of the place and the conduct of the men. They introduce many of the pleasant customs and diversions of domestic life, and give an air of comfort and refinement to otherwise barren and unattractive wards. Now-a-days, books and pictures and music are found in all of our best hospitals; and some men find privileges here which they miss at home.

Be prompt and faithful in your letter-writing. Let nothing interfere to prevent it. Do not disappoint your absent soldier by your delay or neglect; for it is a bitter disappointment to him. And, when he receives his letter, let it be *worth* receiving and reading. It will be, if it is full of *encouragement* and good cheer; if it is loving and loyal and self-sacrificing; if it is bright and entertaining; if it has good counsel and good news; if it tells of affectionate remembrance, and a religious faith and trust. Such letters will do good, and be ever welcome.

THEODORE PARKER'S LIFE.

"Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker. By John Weiss. In two volumes."

We owe an apology to our readers for not previously noticing these volumes; but we owe none to the publishers, since they sent us no copy of the work. But usually we do not object to this, as it leaves us a little more free to say just what we think of a book. The editor who is most determined to be conscientious in his judgments is slightly biassed in favor of the works of that publisher who sends him all his books. *Panem tuum ede: liber eris.*

The life of Parker is a book which has been long waited for and much desired. Its arrival has, on the whole, disappointed the public and the critics. The objections made to it are these: —

1. It is too large and expensive; thus depriving many of Mr. Parker's best friends of the opportunity of reading it. It might have been abridged by a more judicious system of selection and arrangement.

2. Much that was in the English edition has been cut out of the American edition, apparently according to a system of favoritism. Satirical remarks in Mr. Parker's letters, aimed at Horace Greeley and others, printed by Mr. Weiss in the English edition, are omitted by the American editor.

3. The order and method of the book are confused. In a biography, it is usual to follow the method of time, and not of subjects. Here the two are blended, but in such a way that we find ourselves going forward and backward; now near the end of Mr. Parker's life, and then suddenly carried to the middle of it. This involves repetition.

4. Large omissions are noticed in the book; viz., of the correspondence and relation of Mr. Parker with some of his best friends, who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, did not choose to furnish their material to the present publisher and editor.

5. Mr. Weiss has been blamed, and, we think, justly, for giving his own personal feelings and opinions, in regard to gentlemen and events near by, too much prominence. The public who read this biography, for example, do not care to know that Mr. Weiss entertains sentiments of contempt for young ministers who are trying to find an opportunity of usefulness in their chosen profession. When Mr. Parker, in the heat of a fierce battle and in the freedom of private correspondence, says some sharp thing, we feel that it is natural, and quite excusable; but when his biographer, in cold blood, fortifies or aggravates it, it appears unnecessary.

6. Mr. Weiss has also been found fault with for his style, said to be a little too "curled and finical" for such an upright, downright thinker and writer as Theodore Parker. Perhaps so; but each man must do the best he can in his own way. Style is sincerity of speech. Let one be sincere; that is all.

But, after all such criticisms and such abatements, these two volumes will always remain a grand record of a noble and beautiful life. Parker's own letters are enough to make any book interesting. Then the picture of *work* which is here set before us is a most useful example and inspiration. The best use of a biography is to show how much man can do by showing how much man has done. Every such heroic life reminds us that we can make our own lives sublime. Every book, full as this is of pictures of devoted industry directed to highest ends, shames us out of our idleness and folly. We see here a man who

put his whole soul into every thing; a student, like those of the Renaissance, learning all languages, reading all literatures; a thinker, penetrating all depths of obscure problems; a hero, fighting the battles of his age side by side with the great champions of Right and Truth; a minister of God, as reverent, devout, tender, affectionate as he was brave and bold. Certainly we have reason to thank editor and publisher for such a biography.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Since our last Notice.

The Phonic Primer and Reader: a Rational Method of teaching Reading by the Sounds of the Letters, without altering the Orthography. Designed chiefly for the use of night-schools where adults are taught, and for the myriads of freed men and women of the South, whose first rush from the prison-house of slavery is to the gates of the temple of knowledge. By Rev. J. C. Zachos, for sixteen months a missionary to the colored people of Paris Island, Port Royal, S.C.

Miscegenation: the Theory of the Blending of the Races, applied to the American White Man and Negro.

The Nineteenth-Anniversary Sermon and Report preached in the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass., by Rev. James A. Bolles, D.D., Rector.

Consciousness as revealing the Existence of God, Man, and Nature. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The Unspotted Life: a Discourse in Memory of Rev. Thomas Starr King, preached in the West Church, March 6, 1864, by C. A. Bartol. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

Sunshine: a new Name for a popular Lecture on Health. By Mrs. Dall. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

Report of Commissioners on Insanity. Senate Document, No. 72, Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By JOHN MANNING SPEKE. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

We notice the large volume on the discovery of the source of the Nile, simply in order to express the hope that no American publisher will think it necessary to reprint it. The six hundred and fifty pages might easily be compressed into fifty. Capt. Speke's discovery amounts to this: That he entered Africa from the east, on the coast of Zanzibar; that he went around the western side of Lake Nyanza, encountering great difficulties from the rapacity of the tribes through which he passed; that he discovered that this lake had an outlet on the north, through which it emptied itself, probably, into the White Nile. This outlet is almost under the Equator. From here he went, mostly overland, to Gondokoro, latitude five degrees north; and from thence, down the Nile, to Alexandria. But whether this outlet, discovered by Capt. Speke, is the main river or not, remains yet to be seen. Capt. Speke has displayed great energy and courage in this expedition, and has added to our knowledge of Africa, especially of the whole western coast of the great lake, Victoria Nyanza: but its eastern and part of its northern shore remains to be explored; also the connection between this lake and Lake Tanganyika, and the rivers which may empty into the Nile between Lake Victoria and Gondokoro.

The little pamphlet called "Miscegenation," on the theory of blending of the races, takes the ground, that the mixed races are naturally superior to the pure races.

Dr. Bodichon, a French physician, and man of science, who resided many years in Algeria, wrote a book on the races of men some years ago, in which he took the same general ground. In that work he contended that mixed races were the best; and that America, because built up in this way, would contain at last the highest type of man.

We have read with interest Dr. Bolles's sermon concerning the Church of the Advent, in Boston, which has lately gone into a new building in Bowdoin Street. Naturally, the sermon glorifies the particular body of which it speaks. It speaks of the free sittings as something quite unusual and extraordinary nineteen years ago, when the Church of the Advent was commenced.

It may have been extraordinary in the Episcopal Church; but other churches in the city, at that time, had free seats also. The Church of the Disciples, for example, which was commenced

four years earlier, has always had open pews and free seats, and has been supported always by voluntary contributions.

Dr. Bolles says, "Let the people once understand the whole subject of offerings, — that one-tenth of their income at least *belongs* to God, and should be returned to him in free-will offerings," &c. If this tenth "belongs" to God, we do not see how it can be called a gift or an offering proceeding from love, as Dr. Bolles proceeds to argue. Moreover, we have supposed that not one-tenth alone, but that all that we have, belongs to God. The plan for which he contends may be a very good one; but he never will be able to convince his hearers that it is a positive law of God, that they should bring a tenth of their income to church, and put it into a box there.

Dr. Bolles surprises us by speaking of the building where they worship as having been "procured for the temporary residence of the Deity"! He might, we think, have taken a lesson from Solomon, who, in his prayer at the dedication of the Temple, said, "Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have builded!"

Dr. Bolles expresses great grief that the people of his society should be so slow in erecting a new building. He says that no domestic trial or personal affliction could possibly have produced such an overwhelming sorrow as the loss of the new church he was hoping to have built. He does not know whether he ought to be resigned to it; and he thinks that he has an example for his feelings in the zeal of Christ against those who profaned the temple by buying and selling in it. He says this was almost the only thing to which Christ would not submit. But we would remind our good friend, that the thing to which Jesus would least submit was the hypocrisy of the scribes and Pharisees, who laid more stress on outward ceremony and ritual than on inward purity and domestic goodness, and who dedicated to the temple-service, calling it "a gift," those means which they ought to have used for the support of their father and mother.

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

March 14, 1864. — Present, Messrs. Stebbins, Kidder, Clarke, Brigham, Newell, Barrett, Hinckley, Winkley, Ware, Sawyer, and Fox.

The Committee on New-England Correspondence reported in favor of granting to the society in Brooklyn,

Conn., in response to an application for aid received from them, the sum of $100; which report was adopted.

The Committee on Western Correspondence presented a letter from Rev. William H. Fish of Vernon, N.Y.; in which he asked, whether, should a conference be held at that place, the Board would send delegates to take part in it. The Committee were requested to reply, that it was the intention of the Board to send a delegate to the Western Conference, at Meadville; and that he would stop at Vernon, either on his way out or back, to be present at a conference there, should one be held at that time.

The Committee on Publications reported that the Army Fund was entirely exhausted, while the demand for the army publications continued unabated; also that the paper on which the tracts were printed, being of a size not now in the market, had to be made to order, and it therefore became very desirable to order it in advance, and thus have paper ready when tracts were needed. The Committee were then authorized to engage paper for a hundred thousand copies of the tracts of the "Army Series," and have them printed as they should be wanted.

This Committee also reported, that, to meet an immediate and urgent demand, they had issued, since the last meeting, an edition of five thousand copies of the "Soldier's Companion;" which action the Board voted to approve.

Mr. Brigham stated that he had been requested to ask the Association to aid in circulating a temperance tract recently published, entitled "An Enemy in the Camp;" and the subject was referred, with full powers, to the Committee on Publications.

The Army-Mission Committee made a report concerning Mr. William M. Mellen's recent visit to the army as agent of the Association; and stated, that, as he had accomplished

so excellent a work, they had determined to send him out again on a similar mission.

The Committee on the Supply of Pulpits stated, that in consequence of the illness of their chairman, and the very pressing engagements of another member, they were not yet able to report on the subject referred to them; but should, without doubt, be ready to do so at the next meeting.

Mr. Hinckley presented a communication from the Committee on Ministerial Work of the Ministerial Union, soliciting "a conference with the Executive Committee, or any representative of it;" which was referred to the Committee on the Supply of Pulpits.

The arrangements for the next Annual Meeting of the Association were referred to a Committee, consisting of the President, Dr. Newell, and Mr. Kidder.

After remarks from several members of the Board in reference to the death of Rev. Thomas Starr King, it was unanimously voted to send to the society in San Francisco a letter of Christian sympathy, in view of the death of their pastor; and Messrs. Hedge, Clarke, and Sawyer were appointed a Committee to carry the vote into effect.

The Board then adjourned to Monday, April 11.

INTELLIGENCE.

Rev. JOSHUA YOUNG has accepted the call from the Third Parish, Hingham, Mass.

Rev. GEORGE W. BARTLETT has received an appointment as chaplain of the First Regiment Maine Cavalry.

Rev. ELI FAY has accepted the call from the society in Woburn, Mass.

Rev. FISKE BARRETT has received a call from the society in Dighton, Mass.

Rev. HENRY F. HARRINGTON has resigned the charge of the Lee-street Society, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Rev. CALVIN S. LOCKE has resigned the charge of the society in West Dedham, Mass.

Rev. WILLIAM G. NOWELL has accepted a call from the society in Rockford, Ill.

Rev. CHARLES B. WEBSTER has been appointed chaplain of the Eighteenth Corps d'Afrique, stationed at Port Hudson, La.

Rev. AUGUSTUS M. HASKELL has resigned the chaplaincy of the Fortieth Massachusetts Regiment.

Rev. CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of a new Unitarian Church just formed in Boston, at the South End, to be called the Church of the Redeemer.

Rev. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D., of New York, has received from his society a leave of absence for six months, in order that he may visit California to present the claims of the Sanitary Commission, of which he is the President, and to supply the pulpit of the San Francisco Society. Rev. Henry C. Badger will accompany Dr. Bellows, to assist him in his work.

Rev. HORATIO STEBBINS has resigned the charge of the First Unitarian Society, Portland, Me.; and will supply the pulpit of All-Souls' Church, New York, during the absence of Dr. Bellows; on whose return, Mr. Stebbins is expected to go to San Francisco to occupy the place made vacant by the death of Mr. King.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1864.			
Feb. 26.	From	Society in Brighton, as a donation	$57.00
" "	"	Rev. Dr. Bellows's Society, New York, for Monthly Journals	62.00
" "	"	Society in Dover, N.H., for Monthly Journals .	12.00
" 29.	"	Society in Marietta, O., as a donation	2.35
Mar. 1.	"	Society in Deerfield, as a donation, additional .	1.00

Mar. 1.	From Mrs. Joshua Fisher, Miss Sally Gay, Miss Maria Pettee, and Mrs. Nathaniel Shattuck, to make themselves annual members		$4.00
" " "	Society in Shirley, for Monthly Journals . . .		5.00
" " "	Rev. Nathaniel Hall's Society, Dorchester, for Monthly Journals, additional		1.00
" 2. "	Rev. Dr. Newell's Society, Cambridge, as a donation		150.00
" " "	Society in Fitchburg, as a donation, additional,		1.00
" " "	Society in Calais, Me., as a donation . .	$9.00	
	For Monthly Journals	9.00	
			18.00
" 4. "	Thomas Brown, for India Mission		5.00
" " "	Barton-square Society, Salem, for Monthly Journals, additional		1.00
" 7. "	Rev. William A. Fuller, to make himself an annual member		1.00
" 8. "	Society in Belmont, as a donation		22.45
" " "	Society in Leicester, for Monthly Journals . .		9.00
" " "	Society in West Newton, for Monthly Journals, additional		1.00
" 9. "	Society in Haverhill, as a donation		12.00
" " "	Society in Newburyport, as a donation,	$38.25	
	For Monthly Journals	20.00	
			58.25
" 10. "	Mount-Pleasant Society, Roxbury, for Monthly Journals		23.00
" 11. "	Rev. William Brown, to make himself an annual member		1.00
" " "	Society in Sherborn, for Monthly Journals . .		12.00
" 12. "	Society in Watertown, as a donation		49.60
" " "	Society in Marlborough, for Monthly Journals, additional		1.00
" 14. "	Rev. W. B. Smith and Rev. C. W. Buck, to make themselves annual members . . .		2.00
" 16. "	Society in Syracuse, N.Y., for Monthly Journals		20.00
" " "	Society in Plymouth, as a donation		50.00
" 17. "	King's-Chapel Society, Boston, for publishing army tracts		345.00
" " "	Rev. H. W. Foote, to make himself an annual member		1.00
" 18. "	Society in Eastport, Me., for publishing army tracts		30.00
" " "	Rev. H. L. Myrick, to make himself an annual member		1.00
" 23. "	Rev. Henry Westcott, to make himself an annual member		1.00
" 24. "	Rev. Dr. Osgood's Society, New York, as a donation.	$103.00	
	For Monthly Journals	100.00	
			203.00
" " "	Society in Medford, for Monthly Journals, additional		12.00
" " "	Society in Dublin, N.H., to make Dexter Mason, Rufus Piper, Thaddeus Morse, Daniel Fisher, and Mrs. Lucy Greenwood, annual members		5.50